Then tell me, what doth he vpon the seas?
Dar. Vnlesse for that my Liege I cannot guesse.
Kin. Vnlesse for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guesse wherefore the Welchmen comes,
Thou wilt reuolt and flye to him I feare.
Dar. No mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.
Kin. Where is thy power now to beat them backe?
Where are thy tenants, and thy followers?
Are they not now vpon the westerne shore,
Safe conducting the rebels from their ships.
Dar. No my good Lord, my friends are in the North.
Kin. Cold frinds to *Richard*, what do they in the North?
When they should serue their soueraigne in the West.
Dar. They haue not bin commanded mighty soueraigne,
Please it your Maiesty, to giue me leaue,
Ile muster vp my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where and what time your Maiesty shall please?
Kin. I, I, thou would'st be gon to ioyne with *Richmond*,
I will not trust you sir.
Dar. Most mighty soueraigne,
You haue no cause to hold my friendship doubtfull
I neuer was, nor neuer will be false. (hind
Kin. Well, goe muster thy men; but heare you, leaue be-
Your son *George Stanley*, looke your fayth be firme:
Or else his heads assurance is but faile.
Dar. So deale with him, as I proue true to you. *Exit.*

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious soueraigne now in *Deuonshire*,
As I by friends am well aduertised,
Sir *William Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate
Bishop of *Exeter*, his brother there,
With many more confederates are in armes,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Liege, in Kent the Guilfords are in armes,
And euery houre, more competors
Flocke to their ayd, and still their power encreaseth,

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

He strikes him.

King.

King. Out on ye Owles, no
Take that vntill you bring me be
Mes. Your grace mistakes,
My newes is, that by sudden fl
The Duke of *Buckinghams* arm
And he himselfe fled no man kn
King. O I cry you mercy I did
Ratcliffe reward him for the blo
Hath any well aduised friend g
Rewards for him that brings
Mes. Such Proclamation h

Enter another

Mes. Sir *Thomas Louell*, and
Tis said my Liege are vp in arm
Yet this good comfort bring I
The Brittaine Nauy is dispersst
Sent out a boat to aske them
If they were his assistants, yea
Who answered him they came
Vpon his party: he mistrusting
Hoist saile, and made away
Kin. March on, march on, since
If not to fight with forraine
Yet to bare downe these rebe

Enter Cate

Cat. My Liege, the Duke of
Thats the best newes, that th
Is with a mighty power la
Is colder newes, yet they m
King. Away towards *Sali*
A royall battell might be wo
Some one take order *Buckin*
So *Salisbury*, the rest march

Enter Darby, S

Dar. Sir *Christopher*, tell *Rich*
That in the stie of this most b
My son *George Stanley* is fra
If I reuolt off goes yong *Geo*
The feare of that, with-holds

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G